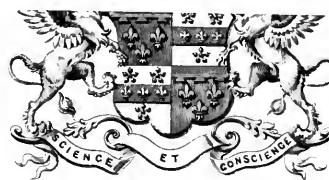


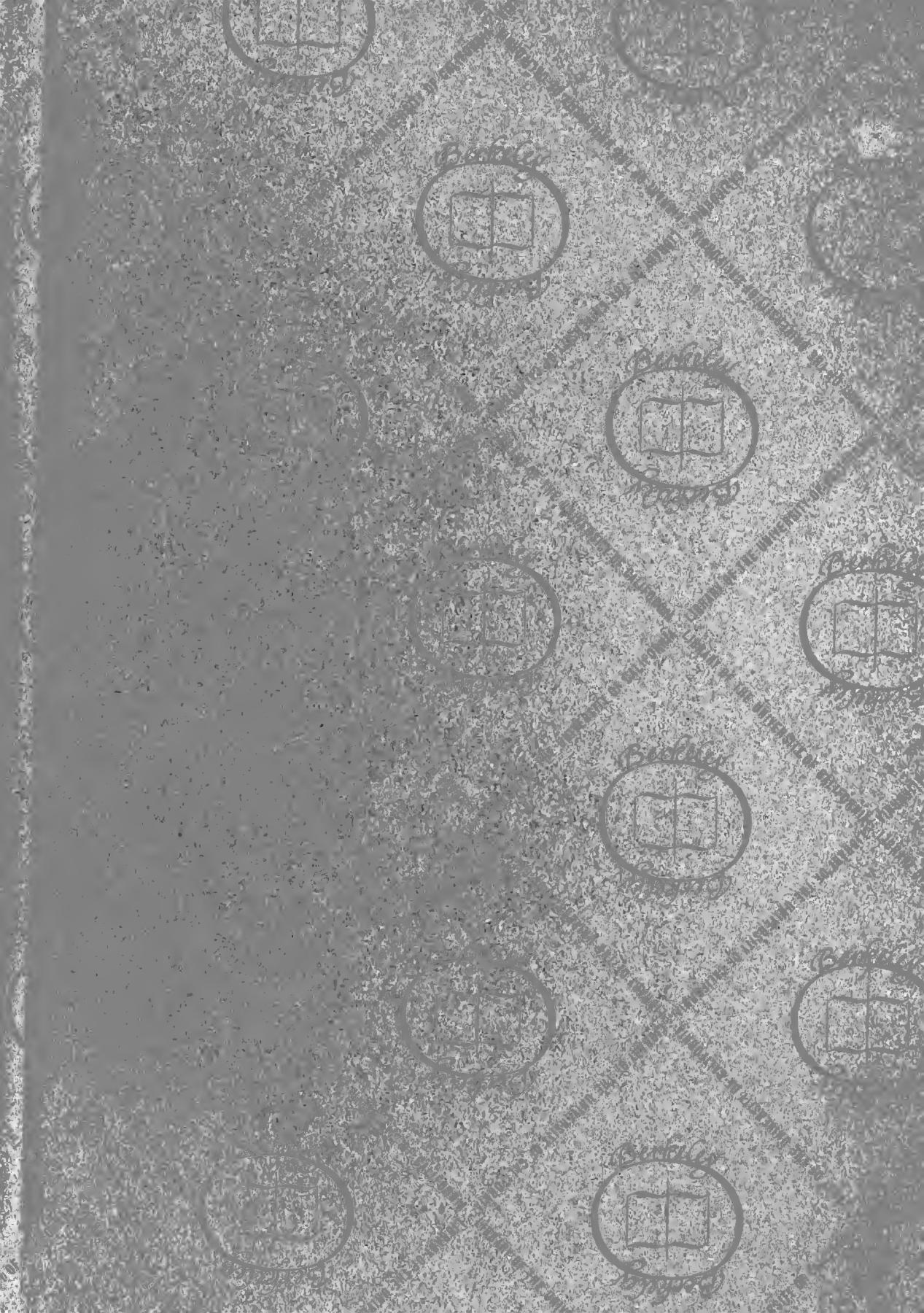


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EMARICDULFE.



INTRODUCTION.

TO

EMARICDULFE.

HE present collection of Sonnets is printed from an unique and hitherto unknown work, which is bound up with three other Poetical Tracts of great rarity and value, namely, Barnfielde's *Cynthia*, 1595; Griffin's *Fidessa*, 1596; and Tofte's *Laura*, 1597.

Its claims to the honour of a reprint are not merely on account of its rarity. In some parts the Sonnets show great excellence, both in thought and expression; but in musical rhythm they are perhaps—with some exceptions where the lines, though they each scan, read more like prose than poetry—of better quality than they are in sonnet-fense. One peculiarity is, as compared with Shakespeare's poetry of the same date, the frequent use of an extra syllable, as is apparent in Sonnet VII. This is noticeable, because it shows that the use of this extra syllable, and Shakespeare's increased use of it as his years went on, was not even a semi-originality.

Another source of interest is the obscurity which involves both the writer and the object of his adoration, for the whole work is devoted to the expression of love for a lady who is concealed under the remarkable pseudonym of *Emaricdulfe*, by her admirer, who is equally successful in concealing himself under the initials *E.C.* Yet this obscurity arises perhaps only from lapse of time, for when a discarded lover commits his sorrows to the press, and this with the tacit consent of the lady—when initials (no doubt true ones) and a pseudonym (perhaps in deference to the same) are affixed to the title-page—and when friends with well-known

names are appealed to—it is hardly conceivable that the names of the lovers and the circumstances of their connexion could long escape the knowledge of their contemporaries; especially as both belonged—as is demonstrable from the tone of the dedication and the names mentioned therein—to the upper classes of society.

Much research has been made by the Editor and others to solve the mystery of these said initials of ‘E. C.’ and of the evidently composite name of *Emaricdulfe*—or, as it is oftenest spelt, *Emaricdulf*—but without success. As to the initials; it is to be observed that a writer using the same has verses “In prayse of Gascoignes Posies,” before the latter’s poems; but it must be confessed that they more probably belong to an older man than the E. C. now in question. Yet it is quite possible that other explorers into literary mysteries may be more fortunate, and that the identity of the parties may at a future time be established when least expected. With this object in view, therefore, the Editor ventures to print, *in extenso*, the following verses (on the reverse of the leaf containing which are the names of the speakers in the play), which are subscribed with the same initials ‘E. C.’, as it is not absolutely impossible that they emanated from the author of our tract. They were previously communicated to *Notes and Queries*, Ser. III. vol. 8. (9 Sept. 1865) by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who introduces them thus:—

“ In examining some old books and MSS. for a different purpose, I came across a copy of ‘The Tragedy of Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry,’ 1613, by Lady E. Carew, with a Dedication, which I never met with before in copies of this drama, as follows :—

TO DIANAES
EARTHLIE DEPVTESSE,
and my worthy Sister, Mistris
ELIZABETH CARYE.

When cheerfull *Phæbus* his full course hath run,
His sistres fainter beams our harts doth cheere:
So your faire Brother is to mee the Sunne,
And you his Sister as my Moone appeere.

You are my next belou'd, my second Friend,
For when my *Phœbus* absence makes it Night,
Whilst to th' *Antipodes* his beames do bend,
From you, my *Phœbe*, shines my second Light.

Hee like to *SOL*, cleare-sighted, constant, free,
You, *LUNA*-like, vnspotted, chaste, diuine :
Hee shone on *Sicily*, you destin'd bee,
T'illumine the now obscurde *Palestine*.
My first was consecrated to *Apollo*,
My second to *DIANA* now shall follow.

E. C.

The allusions in the above verses to “hee shone on Sicily” may be either to some Works or some Travels of her brother, in the same sense as the reference to the “now obscurde Palestine” indicates her own tragedy of “Mariam.” In the Catalogue of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum (No. 6917) is mention of “Sir George Carew’s Poems”; but this is an error, for they prove to be not by him but transcripts of those by Thomas Carew. There being several families bearing the names Carew and Carey (which were used indiscriminately by all of them), it is not impossible that the Beddington Carews may have furnished the authoress of “Mariam.” Sir Francis Carew succeeded his father Sir Nicholas in 1539, and died in extreme old age (81) in May 1611, having had no issue. (See Nichols’s *Progresses of James I.* vol. i. p. 164). His heir was his sister’s son, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who then assumed the surname of *Carew*. This Sir Nicholas (who was brother-in-law to Sir Walter Ralegh) had a daughter, *Elizabeth*, who might have been the authoress of “Mariam”; and she had likewise *brothers*, namely Francis (who died in 1649, and whose son, Sir Nicholas, married Susan, daughter to Sir Justinian Isham, Bart.), Nicholas, George, and *Edmund*. This latter may have been the writer of the “Dedication.”

After this digression, we will return to the Sonnets—which, according to the author’s Dedication, were “begun, at the command and service

of a faire Dame," and which refer to one subject—the glorification of his lady-love. That his addresses were at one time favourably received may be gathered from several of the Sonnets, and that the couple stood on intimate terms towards each other may be inferred from Sonnet VII., in which he is compelled to express contrition for his overbold presumption on one occasion by which he incurred her displeasure. That he had, moreover, some grounds for anticipating a favourable issue for his suit is hinted at in Sonnet XIII., in which he expatiates on their mutual love, of which her presents to him were an evidence. And this state of things is reiterated in Sonnet XXVII. But afterwards he seems to have abandoned all hope of obtaining her, and the remaining Sonnets show that he was certain of ultimate rejection. Yet, notwithstanding this downfall of his hopes, it is sufficiently clear from passages in the later Sonnets, and in the Dedication—which was naturally the last portion written—that the couple retained kindly feelings for each other; strengthened perhaps by the fact that her choice of a husband was not a happy one. But, be the latter conjecture true or not, it is certain that the Dedication points to some domestic embroilment or scandal which has advisedly been left unintelligible except to the parties concerned.

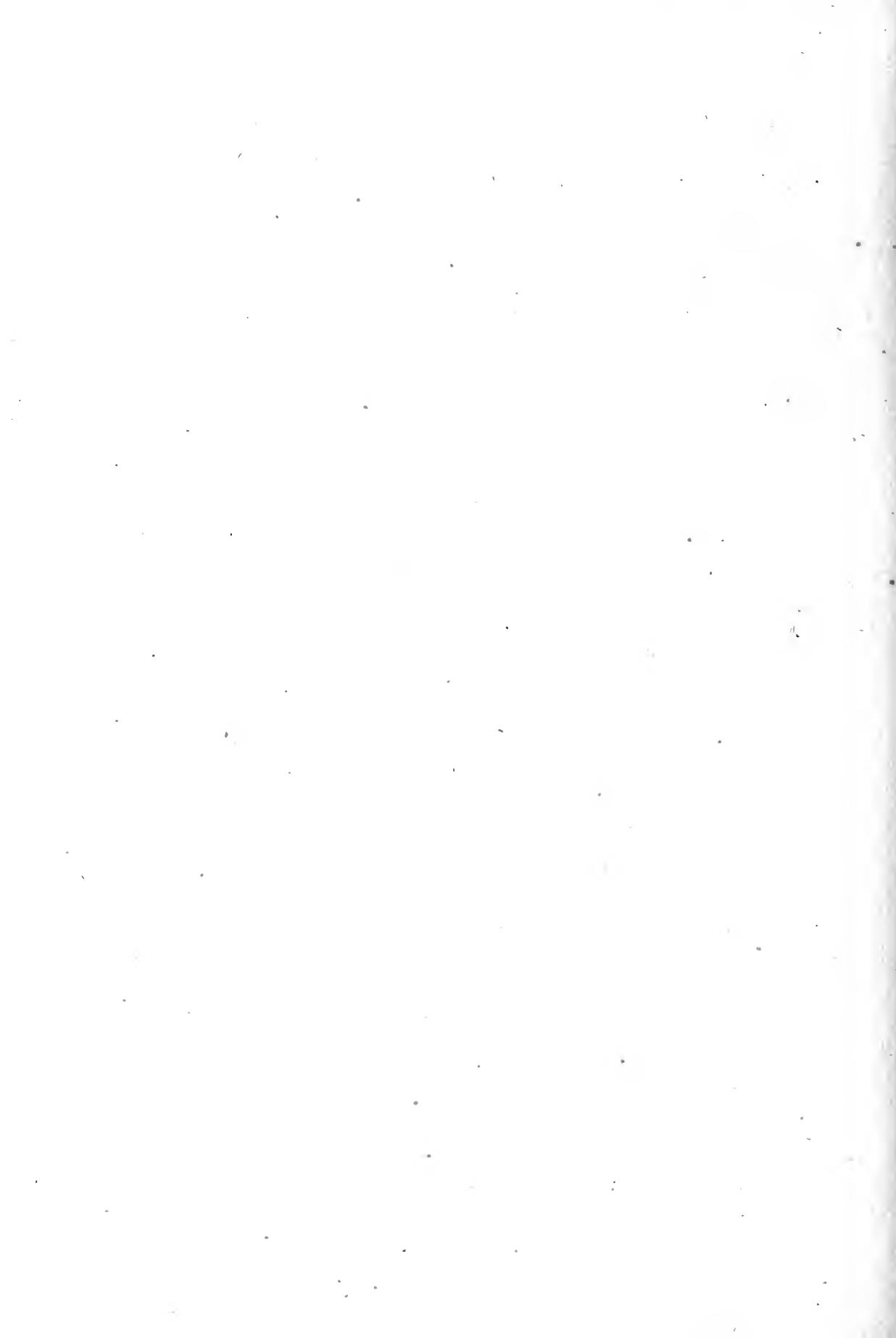
At the close of the last Sonnet are clear allusions to the poets Daniel and Spenser, and to Queen Elizabeth. These, however, throw no light on the date of the composition of the body of Sonnets, which were published in 1595. The former's collection of Sonnets, entitled "Delia," first appeared in print in 1592; and the first part of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which is no doubt the work alluded to, in 1590.

As to the choice of the name "Emaricdulfe" (more rarely "Emaricdulfe"); it is doubtless a pseudonym, like the "Laura" of Tofte, the "Fidesfa" of Griffin, the "Cynthia" of Barnfielde, the "Delia" of Daniel, etc. Unlike them, however, it is a pseudonym composed, in all probability, of the letters of the real name of the lady commemorated. But it seems impossible to discover in the Sonnets any clue to this name. They are full to overflowing of praise of her "more than heavenly parts"; her wisdom, chastity, beauty, skill in music, etc. but silent with

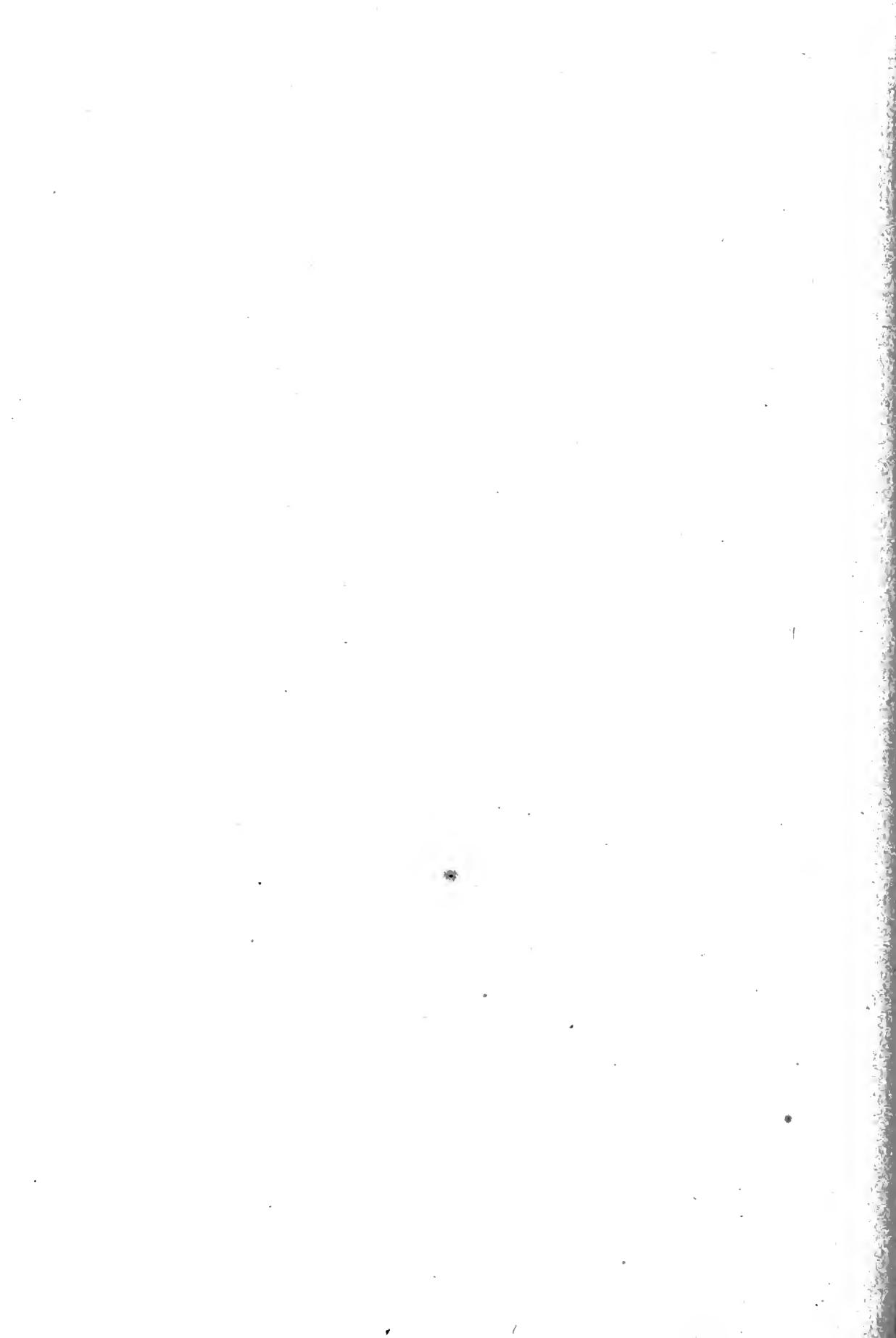
reference to her lineage or any other circumstance from which biographical or genealogical facts might be inferred.

That the author intended the word to be pronounced “E-marricdulf” is clear from the rhythm, and from his spelling it, throughout the sixteen sonnets in which it forms part of the verse (with a single exception in Sonnet IV), without the final *e*. On the title-page, and in the first heading also, it has this final vowel. Why this variation should have been made it is difficult to see, unless it were the whim of the printer. “Emaric” occurs in Sonnet XII.; but this name applies to another person than “Emaricdulf”—in fact to “a young Emaricdulf”—a boy, who is spoken of also in Sonnet XI.

Edward Fitton—one of the gentlemen to whom the work is dedicated—was probably the son of Sir John Fitton, of Gawsworth, Cheshire, and the one who subsequently (2 Oct. 1617) was created a Baronet. The other friend—John Zouch—was apparently one of the Zouches of Haryngworth. Full particulars of these families will be found in Betham’s Baronetage of England. 5 Vols. 4to. 1801-5.



A.j.



Emaricdulfe.

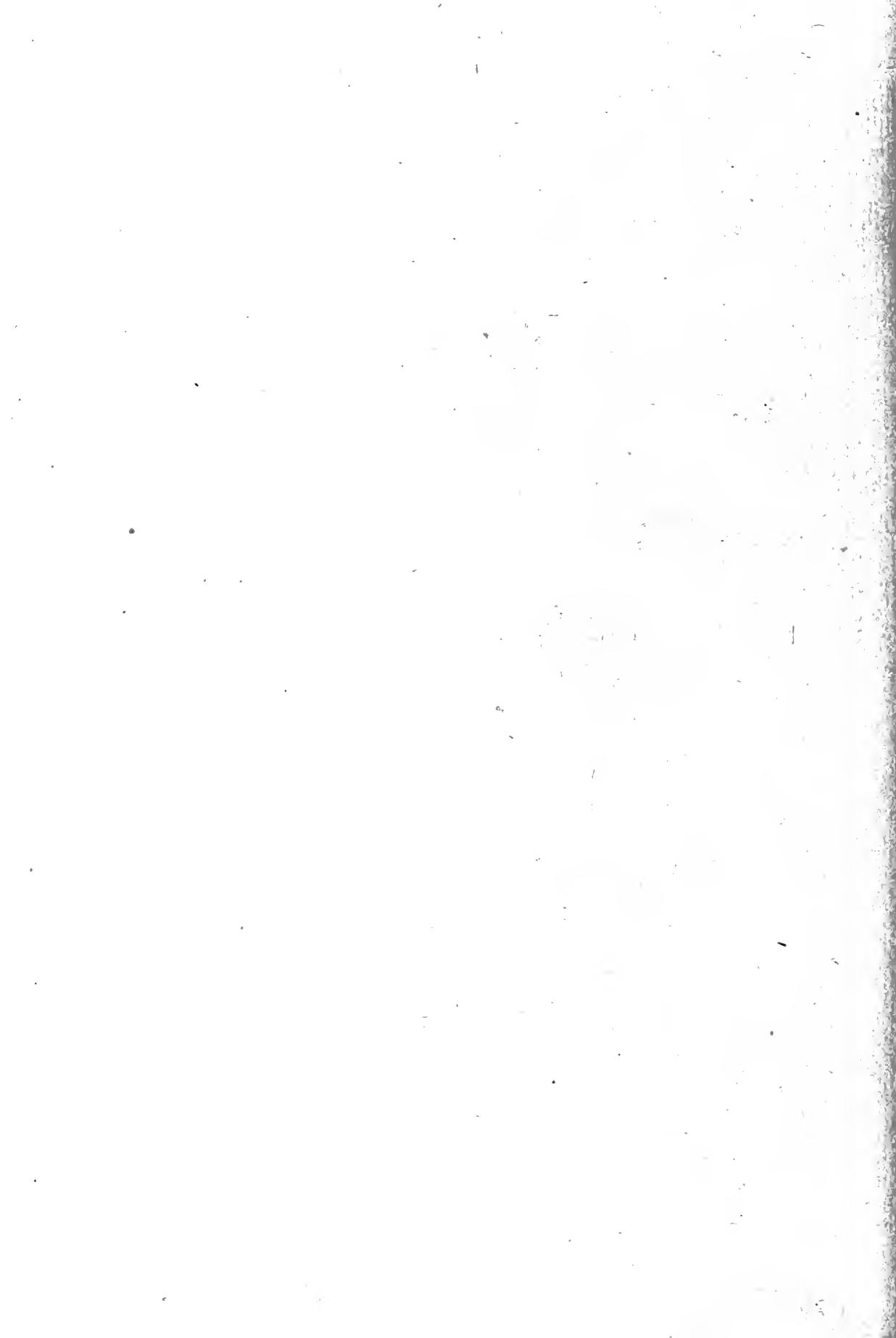
SONNETS
WRITTEN BY
E.C. Esquier.

Non sunt ut quondam, plena fano ris erant.



AT LONDON,
Printed for Matthew Law.

1595.



TO MY VERY GOOD
friends, John Zouch, and Ed-
ward Fiston, Esquiers.

B0th loving friends, forasmuch as by
reason of an ague, I was inforced to
keepe my chamber, and so abandon
idlenes, I tooke in hande my pen to fi-
nish an idle worke I had begun, at the command
and seruice of a faire Dame, being most exqui-
sitley well featured, and of an excellent good car-
riage, adorned with vertue: and understanding
the storie, and knowing you bothe to be of suffi-
cient valour, wit, and honestie, presumed to dedi-
cate the same to you, not doubting but that you
will vouchsafe for my sake, to maintaine the ho-
nour of so sweete a Saint. Thus crasing you my
deare friends to be patrones vñ these fewe Son-
nets: being well perswaded you will excuse my
unlearned



THE EPISTLE.

me learned writing, in regard you may be assured
I am no scholler, as dooth appeare by this my
worthles verfe: hoping you will receive my good-
will with content, as I my selfe shall be then best
satisfied. And so wishing you both as much
comfortable happiness, as to my soule:
I bid you heartily farewell.

Yours in all true friend-
ship. E.C.





EMARICDVLFE.

SONNET. I.

When first the rage of loue affai'd my hart,
And towards my thoughts his fiery forces bent:
Eftsoones to shield me from his wounding dart,
Arm'd with disdaine, I held him in contempt.
Curld headed loue when from mount Erecine
He saw this geere, so ill thereof he brookes,
That thence he speedes vnwilling to be seene,
Till he had tane his stand in thy faire lookes.
There all inrag'd his golden bow he bent,
And nockt his arrow like a pretie else:
Which when I saw, I humbly to him went,
And cri'd hold, hold, and I will yeeld my selfe.
Thus *Cupid* conquer'd me, and made me sweare
Homage to him, and dutie to my deare.

A 4

Homage





SONNET. II.

H^Omage to loue, dutie to thee my deare,
Deare mistris of my thoughts, Queene of my ioy:
Then my lifes gratioues planet bright appeare,
My hearts deepe grieve and sorrow to destroy,
Be not (I thee beseech) my cares maintainer:
For in thy power it lyes to sauue or strike,
To kill the grieve, or els the grieves retainer,
With loue or hate the infant of dislike.
O if that cruell loue did not command
To slay my heart without remorse or pitie:
Or if he did that sad doome countermand,
And be a gratioues Queene of gentle mercie:
Sweet shew thy selfe diuine in being pitifull,
For nature of the gods is to be mercifull.

Why





SONNET. III.

Why doe I pleade for mercie vnto thee,
When from offence my life & soule are cleare?
For in my heart I neere offend thee,
Vnlesse the hie pitch of his flight it were.
I, that is it, I to too well consider,
Thy sparkling beautie is the sunne that melted:
My thoughts the waxe that ioyn'd his wings together,
And till my very fall I never felt it:
Despaire the Ocean is that swallowed me,
Where I like *Scars* continue drownd,
Till with thy beautie I reuiued be,
And with loues immortalitie be crowned.
True loue immortall is, then loue me truly:
Sweet doe, and then thy name lle honor duly.

My





SONNET. III.

MY forlorne muse that neuer trode the path
That leades to top of hic Pierion mount,
Nor neuer washt within the liuesome bath
Of learnings spring,bright Aganippe founr:
Mine artles pen that neuer yet was dyp:
In sacred nectar offweet Castalie,
My louesicks heart that euer hath I clipt,
Emaricdufe the Queene of chastitie:
Shall now learne skill my Ladies fame to raise,
Shall now take paines her vertues to record,
And honor her with more immortall praise,
Then euer heretofore they could affoord:
Both heart, and pen, and muse shall thinke it dutie,
With sigheswolne words to blaze her heauely beutie.
Nature





SONNET. V.

Nature (*Emariedolf*) did greatly fauour,
When first her pourtrait she began to pencil,
And rob'd the heauens of her chiefest honour:
There sacred beautie all her parts doth tincill.
Heauens Hyrarkie is in her bright eyes spheered:
The Graces sport in her cheeke dimpled pits:
Trophies of maestie in her face be reared,
And in her lookes stately Saturnia sits.
Modest Diana in her thoughts doth glorie,
Loue-lacking Vesta in her heart inthroned:
The quired Mules on her lips doe storie
Their heauen sweet notes, as if that place they ow-
But aye is me, *Cupid* and *Venus* faire (ned.
Haue no degree, saue in her golden haire.

Within





SONNET. VI.

Within her heire *Venus* and *Cupid* sport them:
Sometime they twist it Amberlike in gold,
To which the whistling windes doe oft resort them,
As if they stroue to haue the knots vnbold:
Sometime they let their golden tresses dangle,
And therewith nets and amorous gins they make,
Wherewith the hearts of louers to intangle:
Which once inthralld, no ranfome they will take.
But as to tyrants siring in their thrones,
Looke on their slaues with tyrannizing eyes:
So they no whit regarding louers mones,
Doome worlds of hearts to endles slaueries,
Vnlesse they subiect-like sweare to adore,
And serue *Emaricduff* for euermore.

I





SONNET. VII.

I Will perfeuer ever for to loue thee,
O cease diuinest sweetnes to distaine mee:
Albeit my loues true types can never moue thee,
Yet from affection let not pride detaine thee.
Although my heart once purchaſt thy displeasure
With ouerbold presumption on thy fauour:
Yet now Ile ſacrifice my richeſt treasure
Unto thy name and much admired honour:
Teares are the treasure of my griefe gal'd hart,
Which on (thy loue) my altar I haue dropped
To thee, that my thoughts temples goddefe are,
Hoping thy anger would thereby be ſtopped.
If theſe to get thy grace may not ſuffice,
My heart is ſaine, accept that ſacrifice.

Enſe.





SONNET. VIII.

E Maricdulf, thou grace to euery grace,
Thou perfect life of my vnperfect living:
My thoughts sole heauē, my harts sweet resting place,
Cause of my woe and comfort of my grieuing.
O giue me leaue and I will tell thee how
The haples place and the vnhappy time,
Wherein and when my selfe I did auow
To honour thee, and giue my heart to thine.
Wearie with labour, labour that did like me,
I gaue my bodie to a sweet repose:
A golden slumber suddenly did strike me,
That in deaths cabbin euery sense did close:
And either in a heauenly trance or vision,
I then beheld this pleasing apparition.

A





SONNET. IX.

A Wight was clad most Foster-like in greene,
With loyal horne and hunting pole in hand:
Whose chantung hōuds were heard in woods & seene
The deere amasde before the rider stand:
The keeper bids goe choose the best in heard:
The huntsman sayd, my choise is not to change:
And drawing neere the deere was sore affard,
Into the woods the rider spurd to range:
There did he view a faire young barren doe
Within the hey fast by the purley side,
And woodman-like did take the wunde then soe,
Whereby the deere might better him abide.
At length he shot, and hit the very same
Where he best likte and lou'd of all the game.

But





SONNET. X.

But stay conceit where he best likt to lose,
Yea better he if better best might bee:
The Rider thought the best of better proue,
Till fortune sign'd his fortune for to see.
Now wearie he betooke himselfe to rest,
Deuised where he might good harbour finde:
Emaricdul (quoth he) I am her guest,
And thither went: she greeted him most kinde:
Welcome sayd she, three welcomes more she gaue:
His hand she tooke, and talking with him then,
What wine or beere to drinke wilt please you haue,
Sixe welcomes more, and so she made them ten.
He dranke his fill, and fed to his desire,
Refreshit himselfe, and then did home retire.

Forth-





SONNET. XI.

Forthwith I saw, and with the sight was blest,
A beautious issue of a beautious mother,
A young *Emaridulf*, whose sight increast
Millions of joyes each one exceeding other:
Faire springing branch sprong of a hopefull stocke,
On thee more beauties nature had bestowde,
Then in her heauenly storehouse she doth locke,
Or may be scene disperst on earth abrode.
Thrife had the Sunne the world encompasst,
Before this blossome with deaths winter nipt:
O cruell death that thus hast withered
So faire a branch before it halfe was ripte!
Halfe glad with joyes, and halfe appal'd with feares,
I wak't, and found my cheeke bedew'd with teares.

B

My





SONNET. XII.

MY checks bedew'd, my eies ewe drown'd with teares
O fearfull storme that causest so great a showte
Griefe ty'd my tongue, sorrow did stop my eares,
Because earth lost her sweetest paramoure.
O cruell heauens and regardlesse fates !
If the worlds beautie had compassion'd you,
You might by powre haue shut deaths ebongates,
And been remorsefull at her heauenly view.
O foolish nature why didst thou create
A thing so faire, if fairenes be neglected?
But fairest things be subiect vnto fate,
And in the end are by the fates rejected.
Yong *Emarie* yet thou crost the destinie,
For thou suruiu'st in fame, that neare shall die.





SONNET. XIII.

That I did loue and once was lou'd of thee,
 Witnesse the faours that I have received:
That golden ring, pledge of thy constancie:
 That bracelet, that my libertie bereaued:
Those gloues, that once adorn'd thy lillie hands:
 That handkercher, whose maze in thral'd me so:
Those thousand gifts, that like a thousand bands
 Bound both my heart and soule to weale and woe.
All which I weare, and wearing them figh forth
 You instancies of her true loyaltie:
I doe not keepe you for your soueraigne worth,
 But for her sake that sent you vnto me:
Tis she, not you, that doth compell my cyes,
My lifes sole light, my heatts sole paradice,

B 2

One





SONNET. X^{IV}.

On day, o ten times happie was that day,
Emaricduf was in her garden walking,
Where *Floras* imps ioy'd with her feete to play,
And I to see them thitherward ran stalking,
Behind the hedge (not daring to be seene)
I saw the sweet sent Roses blush for shame,
The Violets stain'd, and pale the Lillies beene:
Whereat to smile my Ladie had good game,
Sometimes she please to sport vpon the graffe,
That chang'd his hew to see her heauenly presence:
But when she was imasked, then (alas).
They as my selfe wail'd for her beauties absence:
They mourn'd for that their mistris went away,
And I for end of such a blessed day.

What





SONNET. XV.

What meane our Merchants so with eger minds
To plough the seas to finde rich iuels forth?
Sith in *Emaricduſt* a thousand kinds
Are heap'd, exceeding wealthie Indias worth:
Then India doth her haire affoord more gold,
And thousands siluer mines her forehead shewes,
More Diamonds then th'Egyptian surges folde,
Within her eyes rich treaurie nature stowes:
Her hony breath, but more then hony sweete,
Exceeds the odours of Arabia:
Those pretious rankes continually that meeete,
Are pearles more worth then all Amercia.
Her other parts (proud *Cupids* countermate)
Exceed the world for worth, the heauens for state.

B 3

Looke





SONNET. XVI.

Looke when dame *Tellus* clad in *Flora*s pride,
Her summer vail with faire imbroderie,
And fragrant hearbs sweet blossom'd hauing dide,
And spred abrode her spangled capistrie:
Then shalt thou see a thousand of her flowers
(For their faire hew and life delighting faours)
Gathered to deck and beautifie the bowers
Of Ladies faire, grac'd with their louers faours.
But when rough winter nips them with his rage,
They are disdain'd and not at all respected:
Then loue (*Emaricdul*) in thy yong age,
Lest being old, like flowers thou be reieted:
Nature made nothing that doth euer flourish,
And euen as beautie fades, so loue doth perish.

I





SONNET. XVII.

I Am in charmed with thy snow-white hands,
That mase me with their quaint dexteritie,
And with their touch, tye in a thouland bands
My veelding heart euer to honour thee:
Thought of thy daintie fingers long and small,
For pretie action that exceed compare,
Sufficient is to bleffe me, and withall
To free my chained thoughts from sorrowes snare.
But that which crownes my soule with heauenly blis,
And giues my heart fruition of all joyes,
Their daintie concord and sweet musick is,
That poysons griefe and cureth all annoyes,
Those eyes that see, those eares are bleſt that heare
These heauenly gifts of nature in my deare.





SONNET. XVIII.

EMaricdulf, if thou this riddle reade,
This darke *AEnigma* that I will demand thee,
Then for thy wisedomes well deseruing meede,
In loues pure dutie thou shalt ay command mee.
A Turtle that had chose his louing mate,
Sate seemly percht vpon a red rose breere:
Yet saw a bird ayres paragon for state
That farre surpast his late espoused deere:
He chang'd himselfe into that lustfull bird
That *Iuno* loues, and to his loue resorted:
And thought with amorous speeches to haue firde
Her constant heart: but her in vaine he courted.
When boordes he had woo'd her to his paine,
He tooke his leauç and turn'd his shafe againe.

The





SONNET. XIX.

THE Heauens and Nature whē my Loue was borne,
Stroue which of both shuld most adorne & grace
The sacred heauens in wealthie natures scorne (her:
With wisedomes pure infusion did imbrace her:
Nature lent wings to wisedome for her flight,
And deckt my Ladie with such heauenly features,
As nere before appear'd in humane sight,
Ne euer sithence in terrestriall creatures.
(Quoth Wisedome) I will guide her constant hart
At all affaies with policie to relieue her:
(Quoth Nature) I will cast those gifts apart,
With outward graces that I meane to giue her,
Yet were they reconcil'd, and swore withall
To make her more then halfe celestiall.

That





SONNET. XX.

That thou art faire exceeding all compare,
Witnes thy eyes that gaze vpon thy beautie,
Witnes the hearts thou daily dost insnare,
And draw to honour thee with louers dutie:
That thou art wise witnes the worlds report,
Witnes the thoughts that do so much admire thee,
Witnes the heauen-borne Muses that refort,
And for their misbris twckly do desire thee:
That thou art both exceeding faire and wise,
Witnes the anguish of my fillie hart:
Thy heavenly shape hath caught me by my eyes,
Thy secret wisedome that giveth art to art,
So circumuents me and procures my paine,
That I must dye, vyles thou true remaine.

All





SONNET. XXI.

Al those that write of heauen and heauenly ioyes,
Describe the way with narrow crooked bedings,
Beset with griefe, paine, horror and annoyes,
That till all end haue neuer perfect ending.
The heauen wherein my thoughts are residens,
The paradice wherein my heart is fainted,
Through streeet-like straight hie-waies I did attempt,
Nor with tongh care nor rigorous crosse attainted.
I must confesse faith was the only meane,
For that wiche some for want thereof did misse,
Only thereby at length I did obaine,
And by that faith am now instal'd in blisse:
There sleepe my thoughts, my heart there set thy rest,
Both heart & thoughts thinke that her heauen is best.
Ye





SONNET. XXII.

YE subiects of her partiall painted praise,
Pen, paper, inke, you feeble instruments:
Vnto a higher straine I now must raise
Your mistris beauteous faire abiliments.
Thou author of our hie Meonian verse,
That checks the proud Castalians eloquence:
With humble spirit if I now rehersse
Her seuerall graces natures excellency:
Smile on these rough-hewd lines, these ragged words
That never stil'd from the Castalian spring:
Nor that one true Apologie affords,
Nor never learn'd with pleasant tune to sing:
So shall they liue, and liuing still perseuer
To deifie her sacred name for euer.

Ye





SONNET. XXIII.

YE moderne Laureats of this later age,
That liue the worlds admirement for your writ,
And seeme infused with a diuine rage,
To shew the heauenly quintessence of wit:
You on whose weltun'd verfe sits princely beautie,
Deckt and adorn'd with heauens eternitie,
See I presume to cote (and all is duetie)
Her graces with my learnings scarsitie.
But if my pen (*Marcias* harsh-writing quill)
Could feede the feeling of my thoughts desire,
And shew my wit coequall with my will,
Then with you men diuine I would conspire,
In learned poems and sweet poesie,
To send to heauen my Ladies dignitie.

Oft





SONNET. XXIII.

Oft haue I heard hony-tong'd Ladies speake,
Striuing their amorous courtiers to enchant,
And from their nectar lips such sweer words breake,
As neither art nor heauenly skill did wane,
But when *Emaridulf* gins to discourse,
Her words are more then wel-tun'd harmonie,
And every sentence of a greater force
Then Mermaids song, or Syrens force:
And if to heare her speake, *Laertes* heire
The wife *Vlisses* liu'd vs now among,
From her sweet words he could not stop his eare,
As from the Syrens and the Mermaids song:
And had she in the Syrens place but flood,
Her heauenly voyce had drown'd him in the flood.

Let





SONNET. XXV.

Let gorgeous *Tyran* blush: for of her haire
Each trannel checks his brightest summers shine
The cleerest Comets drop within the aire
To see them dim'd with thole her glorious eyn:
Juno for state she matchles doth disgrace,
Surpassing eke for stature *Dyan* tall,
Venus for faire faire *Venus* for her face,
In whose swet lookes are heap't the graces all:
For wisedome may she make comparision
With *Pallas*, yet I wrong her ouer-much:
For who so sounds her policies each one,
Will sweare *Trytonas* wit was heuer such:
Her she exceeds, though she exceed all other,
Being *Toucys* great daughter borne without a mother.

—m—





SONNET. XXVI.

E Mariedulf reade here, but reading marke
As in a mirror my true constancie:
The golden Sunne shall first be turn'd to darke,
And darknes claime the Sunnes bright dignitie:
The staries that spangle heauen with ghistring light,
In number more then ten times numberlesse,
Shall soone leaue to beautifie the night,
And thereby make the world seeme comfortlesse:
First shall the Sea become the continent,
And red-gild Dolphins dance vpon the shore:
First wearie *Atlas* from his paine exempt,
Shall leaue the heauens to tremble euermore,
Before I change my thoughts and leaue to loue thee,
And plead with words and direful sighs to moue thee.
Sweet





SONNET. XXVII.

Sweet are the thoughts of pleasures we haue vnde,
Sweete are the thoughts that thinke of that fame
Whose sweetnes is too sweet to be refusde, (sweet,
That vertuous loue-tast for my faith was meet
The taste whereof is sweeter vnto me,
Then sweetest sweet that euer nature made.
No odours sweetnes may compared be
To this true sweetnes that will neuer fade.
This Sonnet sweet with checretull voyces sing,
And tune the same so pleasing to mine eare,
That *Emaricdulf* thy praises so may ring,
As all the world thy honors fame may heare.
Once didst thou vow, that vow to me obserue,
Whose faith and truth from thee shall neuer swerue.

C

17





SONNET. XXVIII.

If euer tongue with heauen inticing cries,
If euer words blowe from a rented hart,
If euer teares shed from a Louers eyes,
If euer sighes issue of griefe and smart,
If euer trembling pen with more then skill,
If euer paper, witnes, of true loue,
If euer inke, cheefe harbinger of will,
If euer sentence made with art to moue,
If all of these combine by *Cupidi* power,
My long boyme liking to anatomise:
Had but the art, with art for to discouer
What loue in me doth by his art comprise.
Then might the heauens, the earth, water and ayre,
Be witnes that I thinke thee only fayre.

My





SONNET. XXIX.

MY hart is like a ship on *Neptunes* backe,
Thy beautic is the sea where my ship saylēth,
Thy frownes the surges are that threat my wracke
Thy smiles the windes that on my sailes soft gailēth
Long tost betwixt faire hope and foule despaire,
My sea sick hart arriuēd on thy shore:
Thy loue I meane, begges that he may repaire
His broken vessell with thy bounteous store,
Dido relicu'd *Aeneas* in distresse,
And lent him loue, and gaue to him her heart,
If halfe such bountie thou to me expresse,
From thy faire shore I neuer will departe:
But thanke kinde fortune that my course did sorte,
To suffer shipwrack on so sweete a portē.

C 2

On





SONNET. XXX.

ON Tellus bosome spring two fragrant flowers,
The milkwhite Lilly, and the blushing Rose,
Which daintie *Flora* for to decke her bowers
Aboue all other colours chiefly chose.
Theſe in my misbris checkes both empire holding
In emulation of each others hew,
Continually may be discerned folding
Beautie in lookes, and maiestie in view.
Sometime they meet, and in a skarlet field
Warre with rebellious hearts neglecting dutie,
And neuer ceaſe, vntill they force to yeeld
Them coward captiues conquered by beautie.
Emaricdulf thus diſt thou play the foe,
And I the rebell, and was conquer'd so.

In





SONNET. XXXI.

IN tedious volumes I doe not intend
To write my woes, my woes by loue procured,
Nor by my infant muse implore the end
Of loues true life, this (loue) I have abiured:
Only my face (faire deare) shall be the booke
Wherein my daily care shall be rehersed:
Whereby thou shalt perceiue when thou doest looke,
How by thy beauties darts my heart was pierced.
My eyes shall witnes with distilling teares,
And heart with deepe ferch sighes shall manifest
My painfull torments causde by griefes and feares,
And hourely labours mixt with deepe vnrest:
Both heart, and eyes, and face shall all expresse,
That only thou art cause of my distresse.

C 3

Thy





SONNET. XXXII.

Thy image is plaine porturde in my thought,
Thy constant minde is written in my heart,
Thy seemely grace and pleasing speech haue wrought
To vow me thine, till death a funder part:
Thy fauours forst me subiect vnto thee,
Thy onely care extended to my good,
Thy louely lookes, commaunded all in me
For thy deare sake to spend my dearest blood:
My ioy consists in keeping of thy loue,
My bale doth breed if I inioy it not:
My seruice true, from thee none can remoue,
Vnlesse both life and loue I shall forgot.
Though life and loue in time must haue an end,
Yet euer I haue vowde to be thy friend.

Ex. 4.





SONNET. XXXIII.

E Maridulf my Orphan muses mother,
Pure map of vertue, Honors onely daughter:
Bright gemme of bewtie, fayre aboue all other,
True badge of faith, soule ignaninies slaughter,
Enigne of loue, soure enemie to lust,
The graces grace, faire Eretines disgrace :
Wrongs cheefe reprover, cause of what is iust,
Aduices patron, counells resting place :
Widomes chiefe fort, wits onely pure refiner,
Graue of deceite, the life of policie,
Fates best beloued, natures true diuiner,
Nurce of inuention, hould of constancie,
Poyson of paine, Phisition of anoyes,
Eke jumpride, and paradise of ioyes.





SONNET. XXXIII.

E Maricdul, loue is a holy fire,
That burnes vnsene, and yet not burning seene:
Free of himselfe, yet chain'd with strong desire:
Conquer'd by thee, yet triumphis in thy eue:
An eye-bewitching visor thee in seeming,
That shadow-like flyes from a louers eyes:
An heauen aspiring spirite royd of seeing:
A gentle god, yet loues to tyrannize:
Bond-slave to honour, burthen of conceit,
The only god of thine eyes Hyrarkie,
Decay of friendship, grandbre of deceit,
More then a god, yet wants a monarkie:
Bastard of nature, that to heauen did clime,
To seeme the misbegotten heire of time.

O





SONNET. XXXV.

O Faith, thou sacred Phoenix of this age,
, Into another world from hence exiled
Divorc'd from honor by vnhecdfull rage,
Pure vertues nest by hatefull vice defiled:
Thou faith that cal'ſt thy ſirname Conſtancie,
Christned aboue the nine-fold glorious ſphere,
And from the heauens deriuſes thy pedegree,
Planting the roote of thy faire linage there:
Let this thy glorie be aboue the reſt,
That banilht earth where thou diſt once remaine,
Thou yet maift harbour in my miſtris breſt,
So a pure cheſt pure treaſure may containe,
And in her liuing beautie neuer old,
Seem like a preuous Diamond ſet in gold.

When





SONNET. XXXVI.

When I behould heauens all behoulding starres,
I doe compare them to my woes and smart,
Causeide by the many wounds and mightie scarres
That loue hath trenched in my bleeding hart;
And when I thinke vpon the Ocean sands,
Me thinkes they number but my ladies bewties,
And represent the infinites of bandes
Wherein my heart is bound to endles duties:
And when I see natures faire children thrue,
Nurst in the bosome of the fruitefull earth,
From my chaste vowe they their increase deriuie;
And as they spring, so had my vowe their birth:
And as the starres and sands haue endles date,
So is my loue subiect to naught but fate.

o





SONNET. XXXVII,

O Lust of sacred loue the soule corrupter,
Vsurper of her heauenly dignitie,
Follies first childe, good counells interrupter
Fostered by sloth, first step to infamie,
Thou hel-borne monster that affrightes the wife,
Loue-choking lust, vertues disdainefull foc :
Widomes contemner spurner of aduise,
Swift to forsware, to faithfull promise slow,
Be thou as far from her chaste-thoughted breast,
Her true loue kindled heart, her vertuous minde,
As is al-seeing *Tyran* from the west,
When from *auroras* armes he doth vntwinde.
Nature did make her of a heavenly mould,
Only true heauenly vertues to infoule.

My





SONNET. XXXVIII.

MY thoughts ascending the hie house of fame,
Found in records of vertuous monuments
A map of honours in a noble frame,
Shining in spight of deaths oft banishments:
A thousand colours Loue sate suted in,
Guarded with honour and immortall time,
Lust led with enuie, feare, and deadly sin,
Opposide against faire Loues out-living line.
True Constancie kneeld at the feet of Loue,
And begg'd for seruice, but could not procure it:
Which seene, my heart stopt forth & thought to moane
Kind Loue for fauour, but did not allure it:
Yet when my heart swore Constancie was true,
Loue welcoms'd it, and gaue them both their due.

Image





SONNET. XXXIX.

Mage of honour, Vertues first borne childe,
 Natures faire painted stage, Fames brightest face,
 Syren that never with thy tongue beguyl,
 Sibill more wise then Cumas Sibill was,
 When learnings sun with more resplendent gleames,
 Shall with immortall flowres of poesie,
 Bred by the vertue of Bram bigning beames
 Deck my inuention for thy dignite:
 With heauenly hymnes thy more the heauenly parts
 Ile deifie, thy name commands such dutie,
 Though many heads of poiseft poets arts
 Are insufficent to expresse thy beautie,
 Thy name, thy honour, and loues purtie,
 With Stanzas, Layes and Hymnes Ile stellife.

Some



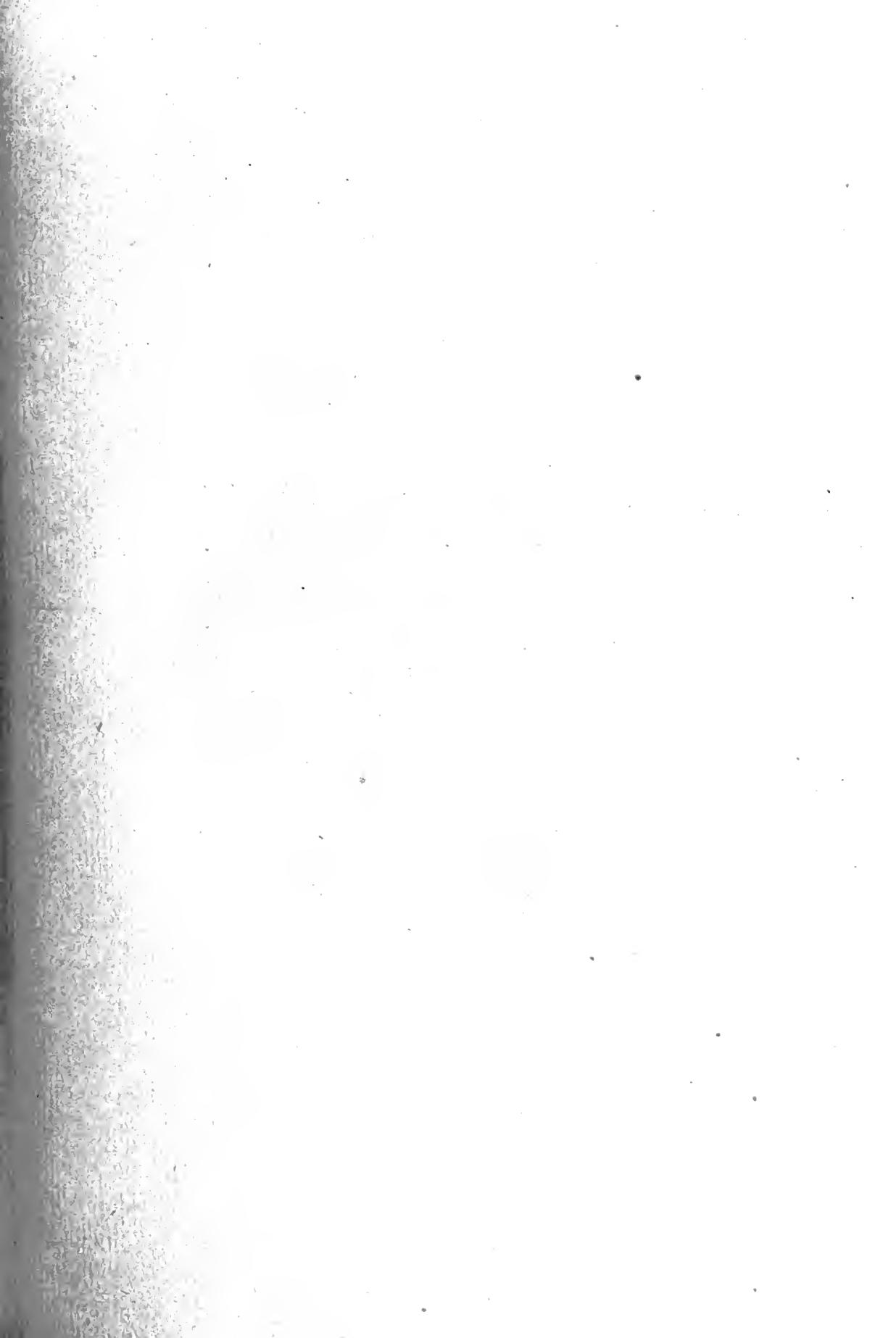


SONNET. XXXX.

Some bewties make a god of flatterie,
And scorne *Elizjuns* eternall types,
Nathes, I abhorre such faithles prophesie,
Least I be beaten with thy vertues stripes,
Wilt thou furuiue another world to see?
Debas sweete Prophet shall the praises singe
Of bewties worth exemplified in thee,
And thy names honour in his sweete tunes ring:
Thy vertues *Collin* shall immortalize,
Collin chaff vertues organ sweetest esteem'd,
When for *Elizas* name he did comprise
Such matter as inuention wonder seem'd.
Thy vertues hee, thy bewties shall the other,
Christen a new, whiles I sit by and wonder,

Mea fortuna tua
Vi' bodie sic cras, Et semper.
F / N / S. g / E. C.





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